

## Pretty by flippyspoon

**Series:** [Pour Some Sugar on Me \[6\]](#)

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**Summary:**

No more booze for Steve.

## Pretty

“You know who I like?” Steve said. He leaned over into Billy’s space swaying a little. They were sitting by the pool as the party at Steve’s house raged around them. But it was chilly out and they were, for the most part, alone. Anyway, the people outside were so drunk, they probably wouldn’t remember seeing Steve Harrington and Billy Hargrove being surprisingly affectionate.

“Who do ya like, babe?” Billy said, and took a sip of beer. He was taking it easy. No keg stands tonight. Steve had gone hard fast, Billy suspected it had something to do with the upcoming event of graduation and anxiety about his feature. Of course, now he didn’t have a care in the world.

“I like...you.” He booped Billy’s nose with his finger.

“Well, isn’t that sweet?” Billy said and bit back a smile.

“You know what else I like?” Steve said, waving his red cup around.

“Whassat?”

Steve threw an arm around his neck and wetly whispered in Billy’s ear: “Your eyes.”

This was news to Billy. They had only been together for a little over a month and Steve had never mentioned anything about Billy’s eyes before. He’d never mentioned much about Billy’s body full stop. They had a lot of fun together and Billy had no reason to doubt that Steve *fully* appreciated Billy’s body given the way he responded to it. But he’d never said stuff like that.

“My eyes?” Billy grinned. “What do you like about my eyes?”

“They...” Steve pointed at the pool. “Glimmer. Like...the ocean.”

“That’s a swimming pool.”

"Same difference. You have..." Steve licked his lips and laughed into Billy's neck. "You have princess eyes."

"I have princess eyes," Billy said, vaguely offended.

"It'sss cause you have th-the loooong eyelashes. Eye...*lashes*. And they glimmer. The eyes. So pretty. Blue! They're blue!"

"They sure are."

"You're so pretty," Steve said, smiling stupidly.

"Ditto," Billy said.

"You have glimmery blue eyes," Steve said, and counted on his fingers as he spoke. "And pretty blonde hair. And red red lips."

"Alright, now you're making me sound like Vanna White."

Steve snorted a laugh at that and pawed at Billy's chest. "Vanna White!" A hand grabbed at Billy's crotch. "Ya know what I'd like to do is buy a vowel!"

"Ooookay," Billy said, and took Steve's cup out of his other hand. "No more booze for you."

"Awwww."